



BREATH
OF THE
ROSE



GIFT OF



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Dear Sir:

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copy of Breath of the Rose with
natural gratification that the
Library should desire it.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Annie S. Bean -

Breath of the Rose

And Other Verse

JOHN BROWN & CO.
NEW YORK.
1870.

Annie S. Bean

985

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Drift
Author

To The Loving Memory
of
Helena Wood Smith

With Her Heart
At Easter Time
In Maytime
In June.

Somewhere In Summer I

In August,

In December

At Christmas Tide,

The Baby Days Found Her Bright

The Hours Of Araby,

Home Again,

The Balsam-Tree,

A Memorial At The Open Door,

In The Garden And In The Orchard,

With God A-Hunting,

A Child,

The Things Of Life,

Hannah's "Waking To Reality," Yet Still

The Joyful Reckonings Of Life,

Her Land They Can Be Done.

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The Things o’ Air.
Haldane’s “Pathway to Reality.” Vol. II. P. 278.
The Lord’s Earth—Copyrighted 1913.
“Yea, Lord, Thy will be done.”

BREATH OF THE ROSE.

BREATH of the Rose,
Caught by the Alchemist's Art,
I bid thee disclose
 The love that is rife in the heart.
Go, find a place
Mid her papers and letters and things;
 To each give a trace
Of that marvelous fragrance that brings
 Past Junes to the mind,
Though over us falls winter's night
 And drear is the wind.
Then, if she think, read or write,
To her sense thou shalt steal,
 Not like a thought that intrudes,
But make her to feel
 The presence of Love that illudes
Time's dark, ruthless blight,
And o'er space and through Change,
 even Death,
Sends its soft light
And sweet dews, tender warmth, with
 a Breath.

A SUMMER DUSK.

(J)UT of the dark and bosky woods,
The sweet winds blow ;
By ferny fen the fire-flies glow,
Flicker and glow ;
From a shadowy pine a bird calls low,
Clear and low.
Oh, dear is the night when the sweet
winds blow,
And the fire-flies glow,
And a bird from the pine calls clear and
low,
Sweet, and clear, and low.

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Albion's voice like glass set in fire
To void abysm, bound up in
Aurifer amethyste set in glass' eye
To void abyss, bound up in
Red amber thine, a pearl, quenched in crystal
To void abyss, bound up in
Amber belladonna, tinct in red glass' eye
To void abyss,
Amber belladonna, tinct in red glass' eye
To void abyss,

THE VEIL BETWEEN.

SO far hast thou gone since the morning
broke!

So far with the mornings of long
ago—;
E'en with the first that the new world
woke

With the gladdening light of the
sun's warm glow.

And the wall that hides thee, men call
Death,

But there's only a breath between,
my breath.

So far hast thou gone since the noonday
came!

So far with the glory that is to be;
With a thousand years as a day the same,
From earthly fetters forever free.

And the wall that hides thee, men call
Death,

But there's only a breath between,
my breath.

MESWTAH JEW 287

memor ad puerum ducere posse et O
Iesu Christo

gnor tu expiacionem est dñe nrae de
miserere mei dñe nrae de
bivis mlti pnt mlti vlti dñe nrae
miserere mei dñe nrae de
ad tu idqil puerum dñe nrae
miserere mei dñe nrae de
Hoc nrm puerum dñe nrae de
miserere mei dñe nrae de

reliquo dñe nrae de
miserere mei dñe nrae de
Hoc nrm puerum dñe nrae de
miserere mei dñe nrae de

proposito dñe nrae de

So near art thou come since the darkness
fell!

So close is my spirit folded to thee,
Touch may not feel and speech cannot
tell,

Fast bound in the Infinite Love are
we.

And the veil that hides thee, men call
Death,

And it is but a breath between,
my breath.

DREAMS OF A FAR-AWAY WORLD.

DREAMS of a far-away world,
Echoes of songs unsung;
Memory mingled with prophecy
Of days that are not begun;

Vague as a breath in the dark,
Real as the beat of my heart,
Are these things with me unceasingly,
Of my very being a part.

Since somewhere in space beyond ken,
In the past that beginning had none,
Each hath been each though the soul found
home
In ether or heart of stone;

And, Dear, when I know thee so well,
With a knowledge by long eons taught,
A whisper will wake the far consciousness
Of the first that my spirit caught,

And with Love for a certain clue,
In eternities yet to be,
Naught can avail though worlds divide,
To hold myself from thee.

While this seems so true, although
My hand may not clasp thine, Dear,
Why need the years or a continent
Shadow the sunshine here?

seis dias e no sexto dia
depois de terem nascido os
bebés abriu o portão para os
soldados romanos entrar.

Depois deles os primeiros a entrar
foram os que queriam
matar os bebés no portão voltaram
para dentro. Foi assim que os soldados

GRIEVE not, though round thee darkness
fall,

And one sweet day hath met its close.
Out of the darkness of the grave
The dead Christ rose.

BEING.

NEVER again shall I try, Dearheart,
To make thee think I am good or wise;
Never by art or guile, Dearheart,
To seem the fairer in thine eyes.

I have been far since we met, Dearheart,
Was it yestere'en or ages ago?
I have been in the still, vast spaces
That only the soul and God can know.

Oh, thine every touch is dear, Beloved!
Never before have I loved thee so;
But not by a hair can I hold thee,
Sweetheart,
Thyself, alone, must stay or go.

Henceforth we must shun all seeming,
Dearheart,
Live in the truth that makes us free,
For when one has been alone, with God,
One only longs *to be*.

SING, MY HEART.

SING, my heart, a merry song.
The fallen leaves are whirled along,
The south wind pushes the clouds
between
And sobs in the pine trees' somber green,
And some way the tears to my eyes will
start,
So sing a merry song, my heart.

Sing a merry song, my heart,
Of joys that stay though joys depart;
Thou dost know the rollicking tune
Of drunken bobolinks in June.
What though flown the gladsome throng?
Sing, my heart, their merry song.

Sing, my heart, a merry song.
If Hope grows faint, yet Love is strong.
Thou dost know Love's every tone,
And Love will some day reach its own
Though time and space hold far apart,
Then sing a merry song, my heart.

AT EASTER TIME.

(J) 'ER the gray water and through the gray
sky,

A shimmering light,
Bespeaking the joyous, radiant sunshine,
Just out of sight.

Through the gray hedges and through the
gray wood.

Gray buds do appear,
Truly fortelling that blossoming summer
Soon will be here.

IN MAY-TIME.

JN my garden the roses blossom and
blow,
Summer and Autumn and Winter
and Spring;
By my window the fragrant climbers grow,
And small birds flutter and twitter and
sing.

Over my head is a sky of blue,
Blue to the far horizon's rim;
And the sun shines bright the long day
through,
Till it slips past the mountains, blue
and dim.

But aye in my heart there is longing and
pain
For the wild wet winds and the sweet
warm rain;
For the rosy bloom a-bursting through
The bare, brown boughs that the white
snows knew.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH

Being a general history of the church of Christ
from the time of the apostles to the present time.

Written by J. B. Chisholm, D.D., formerly
rector of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and
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IN JUNE.

J love the stars, I love the night,
I love the darkness and the light
That flashes in our Northern skies,
Then trembles, sinks and slowly dies.

I love the sweet, sweet breath of June,
The warm South wind, the drowsy rune
Of bees among the rustling leaves,
And swallows nesting 'neath the eaves.

digla ods avol. Et hene mīcēz
mīcēz ods tān kēndzēz ods avol. 13
sepiā quādriell. Hōz zī wātāk. 14
zōt. qēlēz. Bas. qēlēz. qēlēz. māt.

qēlēz. Is. qēlēz. qēlēz. ods. 15
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qēlēz. ods. qēlēz. qēlēz. zōt. 18

SOMEWHERE IN SUMMER-TIME.

HERE sunbeams dance,
And waters glance,
The tender skies bend over;
And clear is heard
The song of bird,
And sweet the air with clover.

Here soft winds blow,
And humming low,
The brown bees gather honey;
Here daisies white
Sway lithe and light
Adown the meadow sunny.

IN AUGUST.

JN the early afternoon,
Not a bird was singing,
To the measure of the wind
A heavy rose was swinging.

There came a drowsy bumble-bee,
His droning made it seem more
still;
It lulled me to hypnotic sleep;
I followed him o'er vale and hill.

I smelled the fields of clover bloom,
Where graceful elms their feathers
shook;
I paused beneath the fir and pine,
Then sought the sea by thread of
brook.

But when I woke the sun was low,
Strange trees were traced against its
blaze;
In place of blue Atlantic waves,
'Twere Western hills that met my gaze.

IN DECEMBER.

ALL the garden is forlorn,
The frost has set its cruel
mark;

The gay chrysanthemums are gone,
Their stocks are standing brown
and stark.

Yet in spite of Winter's chill,
The violets still breathe perfume,
And the rosy haws fulfill
The promise of the summer's bloom.

IN OCTOBER

It is October now
and the leaves are falling.
The air is cool and crisp.
The days are shorter and the nights are longer.

The trees are bare,
the birds have gone,
and the world is quiet and still.

AT CHRISTMAS TYDE.

If bitter thoughts thy bosom fill,
Forget them Sweet;
If any be who wrought thee ill,
Forgive them, Sweet;
For their misdeeds excuses make,
On all their sorrows pity take
As it be meet
For Christ's dear sake;
That the deep Joy of Heaven above,
And the rare Peace of Heavenly Love,
May reach thy heart and there abide
At Christmas Tyde.

THE PLAYS OF REEDY.

Oh, the roads are old and the skies are full,

Oh, the sun, too, has the fields of Reedy;

The air is vast beyond compare;

In the lion's way, Reedy is king.

And at the sunset they sing, "Reedy!

Who does know Reedy in Reedy?"

THIS sorry earth turns round and round,

Heedlessly whirling the years away.

But there are whiles are ours to hold,

To hold forever and a day.

To the happy people in the sun,

Reedy, and the sun, I say, "Hold on,

Play on,

With the bright things you will

choose."

The gate with broken hinge swings wide,

"There are no bars to Reedy!"

The tall trees bending either side

Inviting us to Reedy.

THE FIELDS OF ARCADY.

(H) H, the sun is up and the skies are fair,
Oh, ho, for the fields of Arcady!

The air is sweet beyond compare
In the blossoming fields of Arcady.

And all the flowers, they say, are wet
With dew from Heaven, in Arcady;
Press to the lip, one may forget
All grief in the joys of Arcady.

The path is through a winding way,
To the happy fields of Arcady,
Where sunbeams dance and shadows
play
With the breeze that fans sweet
Arcady.

The gate with broken hasp stands wide,
There are no bars to Arcady.
The tall trees beckon either side
Inticing us to Arcady.

Yet all who seek will never find
Their way to the fields of Arcady,
For having eyes are many blind
Nor read the signs to Arcady.

But hasten, hasten, let us go
While the day is new to Arcady,
For Sweetheart, listen, the way I know
To the fair, far fields of Arcady.

MOUNT HAMILTON.

HAST wooded slope, round steep
defile,

We journeyed up the mountain
way:

Below us, flushed with orchard bloom,
Green-walled, the fertile valley lay.

We stood at last beneath the dome
That crowns the summit; bleak
and bare,

Save where scant soil, in creviced rock,
Brings forth a blossom, frail and fair.

We had a glance through magic glass
That grave men seek with eager eyes,
Searching the long and silent nights
To learn the secrets of the skies

Then, Sweet, mine eyes turned toward
the East—

I saw a sky of cloudless blue,
But never glass had power to show
One glimpse of my far land,—or you.

MOUNT HANNAH

that young people who were

gathered

in the mountain side

and

below in the valley with great

good-will to the people gathered

there who had come to see

the old timber trees

and

the bearers of the wood

and the timber trees

and the people who had come

to see the old timber trees

and the bearers of the wood

and the old timber trees

and the bearers of the wood

and

the wood I

had used the bearers of the wood

and the bearers of the wood

THE EUCALYPTUS TREES.

THEY rise up into the morning
mist,
Vast and dreamlike and far away,
Pulsing with rose and amethyst
And shot with gold from the sun's
first ray;
And they bear me into an upper air
Above Earth's sordidness and care.

But afternoons when the dry winds
blow,
And make one shiver with cold,
—or heat,
And the sky overhead is blue, blue, blue!
And endlessly long seems the dust-
white street,
And the mountain sides are seared and
scarred,
Their darksome shadows press too hard.

Stately and still they majestically stand
Against the luminous dusk of the sky,
Catching the last faint gleam of the sun,
Holding moon and star in their
branches high,
And with the magic of night set free,
They bring far heaven nearer me.

But afternoons when the dry winds
blow,
And make one shiver with heat,
—or cold,
And the sky overhead is blue, blue,
blue!
And the line of the mountain hard
and bold,
And the world seems suddenly big
and drear,
Their darksome shadows crowd
too near.

Sister my love will never leave me
A broken life sentence given to the sky
Catching the last light before the sun
Rides in her arms across the hill

And with the weight of life she
Left me here to grieve alone

She left me here to grieve alone
I hold

Hold close to me now
Hold

Hold tight to me now
Hold

Hold on to me now
Hold

Hold on to me now
Hold

Hold on to me now
Hold

A MOMENT AT THE OPEN DOOR.

(10) H, but the world is fair!
The russet branches there,
And yellow, dangling leaves,
Now caught by a glint of gold
From the sun that weaves
A path where the clouds are rolled
And tossed and spread
Across the blue o'rehead.

And see how the shadows play
O'er the blue hills far away!
Was ever a sweeter note
Thrust into air, rain-clear,
Than this from the yellow throat
Of meadow lark hovering near?
And the throb of my heart doth
 neither belie,
The smile on my lip nor the tear in
mine eye.

IN THE FIELDS AND IN THE ORCHARDS.

JN the fields and in the orchards
Many flowers fair are blooming,
Snowy plum and golden poppy
All the summer air perfuming;
But a pain is in my heart
And I fear it's nigh to breaking,
With longing for the picture that the
snowy sails are making,
As they're passing to and fro,
As they passed long, long ago,
Now in shade and now in sunlight
Where the sweet salt breezes blow:
Yet the flowers this sunny weather
Blow their petals all together;
Of their bloom small heed I'm taking,
For my heart is nigh to breaking,
And the tears have blurred my sight.

In the fields and in the orchards,
Many birds are blithely singing,
Now a call and now a carol,
Now a whistle clearly ringing.
But a pain is in my heart,
And I fear it's nigh to breaking,
With longing for the music that
the ocean waves are making,
As they beat upon the shore,
As they beat in days of yore,
And the cry of drifting sea-bird
And the splash of passing oar.
Yet the birds this sunny weather
Wake and sing and fly together—
I scarce heed their flight or waking,
For my heart is nigh to breaking,
And with tears my sight is blurred.

FAITH GOES A-SAILING.

FAITH goes a-sailing, a-sailing,
a-sailing,
Faith goes a-sailing into the blue.
Hope looks over the waiting water
To rifted cloud where the sun shines
through.

Love delves down in the dusty dark,
Humming a tune once learned from
a star,
Seeing through trouble, sin and sorrow
The Light of Truth shine from
afar.

A WIND.

THE sailors that wait in the harbor
o're night,

Tell of strange things that befall
at sea,

Of the phantom ships and the false
watch-lights,

Of the terrible monsters they fight
—or flee.

Their yarns are long, their tales are
wide;

Some claim what the other man says
is untrue,

And each likes best to hear his own
voice

Tell what he has seen or what he would do.

But they all agree 'bout a curious wind,
That sometime or other strikes every
ship;

And none may guess when, where it
will blow,

Which vessel 'twill take or which it
will skip.

One told of a fleet that was all becalmed,
The limp sails mirrored in sky-like
sea,
Of the restless stillness that held them
fast,
While time as eternity seemed to be,

When this strange wind blew, from
whence none knew,
And seized two ships from all the rest,
And carried one to its port in the East,
And wrecked the other on rocks in the
West.

One told of a transport, crowded,
thronged,
With soldiers fierce for the thick of
the fight:
They studied the chart for the shortest
route,
They tested the engines' power and
might.

But vain their purpose and chart and
steam;

Their visions of glory had all to
surcease,

For the strange wind bore them out of
their course

And landed them all at the Isle of
Peace.

Another told of a humble craft,
—And little enough could the skipper
boast

But a cheery heart and a ready hand,
As he fished and traded along the
coast,

And the strange wind filled the brown,
patched sails,

And instead of a cargo of fish and fur,
It returned from a port not down on
the map,

And laden with frankincense and
myrrh.

Oh, the sailors that wait in the harbor
o'er night,

Will quarrel for slight and ridiculous
cause,

As about the rig of a phantom ship,

Or if the sea-serpent has wings or
claws;

There may be blows 'bout the mermaid's
song,

But concerning this wind they unite as
the sod,

Though some call it the Wind of Destiny,

And some say it's only the Breath of
God.

THE THINGS O' AIR.

"—in all the world there is no such strong tower
as this wherein I am confined; and is neither of
wood, nor of iron, nor of stone, but of air and not
anything else."—*Morte d'Arthur*.

Jbroke the bonds that held me—
And the wee, sma' things o' air,
That fastened them close around me,
They gathered from everywhere!

I laughed as I heard my fetters fall,
I stood, one moment, strong and free.
Then I heard the sma' things to each
other call,
And they laughed and they mocked
at me.

They brought their forges out of the
dark;
Lighted their fires right under my nose!
I thought my breath would put out the
spark
That glowed where the blue smoke
slowly rose.

But it only fanned it into a flame,
Slender and red like a serpent's tongue,
That leaped and straight to my eyes it
came,
And under the lids it burned and stung.

I was blind with the pain and the hot,
quick tears;
I could not see whither to turn or flee—
The sledge and the hammer they rang in
my ears,
While the sma' things worked right
merrily.

And wrought they well, with might and
main,
Each broken link they made full strong,
And bound them around me once again,
To wear the rest of my whole life long.

And now through the weary days I go;
A slave to the wee, sma' things o' air!
And if I cry out, they joy to know
I find their fetters so hard to bear.

In After Years.

I learned to smile as the years crept by,
Though the cords cut into my aching
breast:

I learned to stifle the groan and sigh,
And still the ragings of fierce unrest.

But oh! the bitterness and the shame,
To know myself for so mean a thing,
A slave! Tho' none whispered the hateful
name,

And my chains were covered with
tinseling.

Then came in the solemn hush of night,
The Spirit of Truth, and revealed
to me,

That my chains were fashioned of endless
might,

Reaching through Time and Eternity:

That nothing in boundless space is free!

They hold together the near and far,
What e'er has been with what may be,
And unite my soul with the outmost
star.

And though the cords hurt me, again
and again,

I would not, now, if I could be free,
For they bind my heart to my fellow-men,
—And bind my fellow-men to me.

At Last.

I thought myself bound by biting chain,
I thought myself driven by ruthless
rod.

But now I know that what I felt
Were the sinews of strength of God.

HALDANE'S "PATHWAY TO REALITY"

Vol. II. P. 278.

WE may reach the heights, be bathed in
glory,

Lose in the distance the path we
trod,—

Breathe in a rapture undreamed in the
Valley!

But—"ever beyond are the hills of God."

THE LORD'S EARTH.

THE Earth is the Lord's: this Earth,
even this,

With its desolate reaches of sand
That are endlessly drifted and ceaselessly
shifted

By winds that obey His command.

The Earth is the Lord's, this Earth,
even this:

Where the mountains rise bleak to
despair!

With cravesses that harbor grim shadows
at noon,

Rocky steeps that hurl back the sun's
glare.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness
thereof;

This leaf, brightly hued by His sun and
His rain,

On the branch swaying lythe 'gainst the
blue of His sky,

At its touch the flesh festers, is tortured
by pain:

THE KING'S CHAMBER

and the King's Chamber
and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber
and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

and the King's Chamber

These blossoms, surpassingly, wonderously
fair,

That madden the brain with their too
fragrant breath;

This fruit, hanging temptingly ripe by
the way,

He who eats, shall find bitter, taste
death.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness
thereof,

The world, this world, even this that
we know,

With its tempest and drought, its earth-
quake and flood,

Its merciless heat and its pitiless snow;

Where loneliness broods over land,
over sea,

The crowding, the turmoil, the strife of
the town,

Where pestilence walketh in darkness,
unchecked,

And fresh fields of morning, at noon
withered down.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness
thereof,

The world and they that are dwelling
therein,

They that lie, steal and murder, wage
infamous war,

With their impious folly, their greed
and their sin:

The beasts that prey on each other at night,

The monsters that dwell in the deep,
the least thing

That crawls, the serpent that glides in our
Eden,

And poisonous insect and mite on frail
wing.

And His is the Kingdom; as He will, by
His law,

The sands, never resting, are stilled
into stone.

Through eons of time, far beyond our mind's
grasp,

The mountains, the ages have claimed
as their own,

Are crumbled away—even by motes that
are borne

On the beams of the sun, and lo,
where they stood,

Stretch flowering prairie, fields fertile and
fair,

Where the nightshade, once deadly,
yields fruit sweet and good.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power is
His:

By His law, in His way the tempest is
still;

With the floods He has mingled the
dust of the stars
With the clay of the Earth, from which,
as He will,

Are made blade and leaflet, each blossom-
ing tree,
The ant and the bee and the laboring
beast,
The fish of the sea and the birds of the
air,
And humanity's myriads,—the Great-
est,—and least.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power,
the Glory:
As He will, by His law, in His way,
now are stayed
The famine and pestilence; Love's voice
has been heard
Over greed's selfish clamor, and men have
obeyed.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power, the
Glory:

All beings proclaim Him, all actions
reveal;

The light of His spirit illumines all
spaces,

No suns e'er can dim it, no earth-shade
conceal.

Lord, we are Thy children, such even as
we,

Who are blinded and hapless and way-
ward and weak.

Grant but a ray of Thine all-seeing wisdom,
To show us Thy law in Thy way we
would seek.

Arm us with shreds of Thine infinite
patience,

That we faint not at failure. Our will
as the sand

Ever swayed, make firm with Thine own;
give Thou

To our faltering arm, the might of Thy
hand.

That we willingly walk with Thy Law in
Thy way,

With strength both to do and to bear;
that we be

Even as Christ! That we consciously
feel that we live,
That we move and have being, only in
Thee.

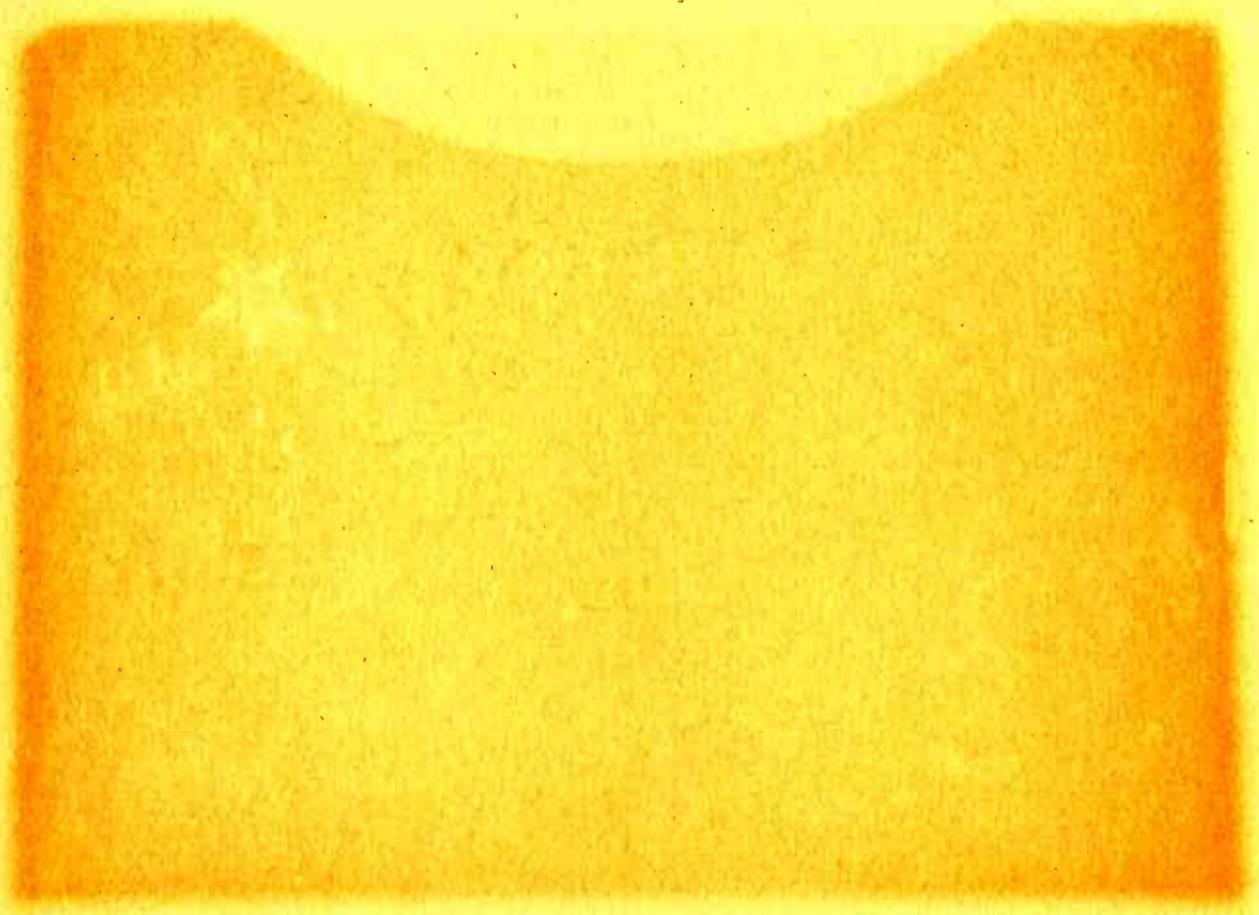
Thy law must be just, Thy way must
be good;
Thy wisdom, Thy mercy, Thy love doubt
we never,
For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power,
the Glory,
Forever and ever,—

Amen.

YEA, Lord, Thy will be done.
I know all will be well,
Yet why such sorrow comes to one,
Why pain should be, I cannot tell,
I need not understand. I only know
For purpose, holy and divine,
In Thy great plan, come grief
and woe.

Yea, Lord, Thy will,—not mine.

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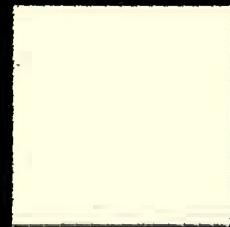
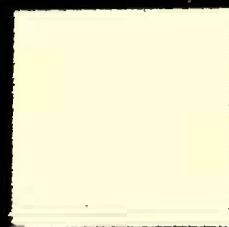
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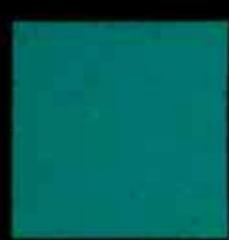
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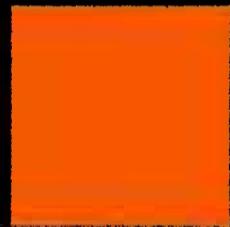
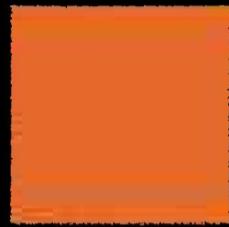
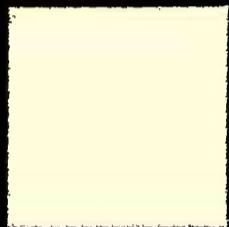
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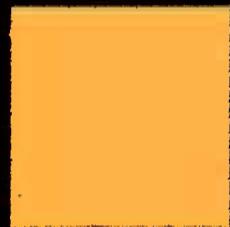
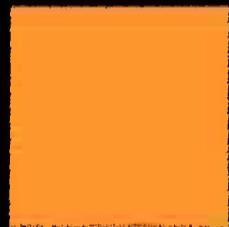
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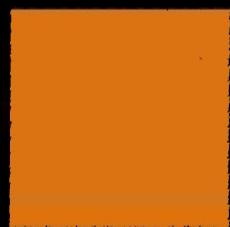
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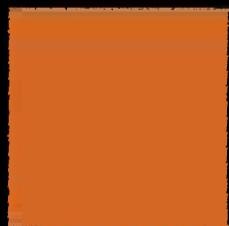
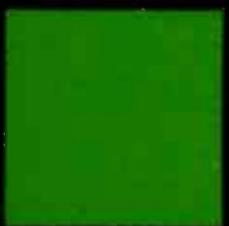
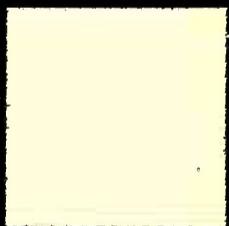
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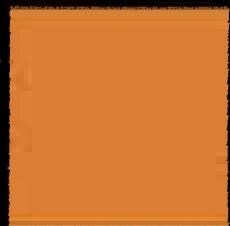
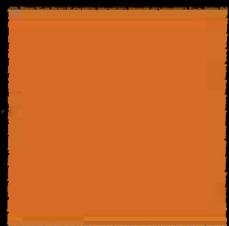
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